

Shut Up! by Trashmouth_Gal

Category: IT 1990, IT 2017, IT stephen king, Stranger Things 2016

Genre: And tends only to himself really, Bad Parents Maggie & Wentworth Tozier, Bisexual Dustin Henderson, Bisexual Jane "Eleven" Hopper, Bisexual Lucas Sinclair, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Derry does not exist everyone lives in Hawkins okay, Eddie is obviously in love with Richie, F/F, F/M, Fluff, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Gay Will Byers, He's not Trashmouth in this, M/M, Pansexual Bill Denbrough, Pansexual Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Richie is a foster kid, This is kinda like an AU for Richie, Will and Richie have a cute little friendship, Wise old Richie givin' advice, richie is a mess

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Erica Sinclair, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Dustin Henderson/Chocolate Pudding, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair/Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Jane "Eleven" Hopper, Mike Wheeler/Jane "Eleven" Hopper, Nancy Wheeler/Jonathan Byers, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Richard Tozier was abused, verbally and physically by his father. His mother was alcoholic and was past out most of the time.

When he was nine. Him and his father got in a fight, and let's just say that his father took it to far. To keep it short, Richie shuts down and becomes this quite, jumpy kid that really only tends to himself, trying not bother anyone to prevent himself from getting hurt again.

Soon enough after their fight, Richie's parents are put in prison and Richie in foster care.

He has been interviewed 236 times in the past 4 years but never taken home with a family. Nothing ever hooked, Richie guessed. But on his 13th birthday he was interviewed again by a family named the Wheelers. He was taken back with them to Hawkins, Indiana and meets a group of abnormal kids his age.

1. Chapter One

Author's Note:

I had the idea for this for a while now but never really knew how to start it off. So I kept it plain and simple. We'll get more in detail about what happened to Richie later. But for now:

Also, this is my first REAL fic that I'm actually gonna go threw with. My others, I ran out of plot and really just good story line to go off of. Some of them were going badly anyway, right? Yeah.

Richie shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He was being interviewed for the 7th time this week. Richie had never liked talking. Not since his dad hit him every time he said something wrong. Or, at least, what his dad thought was wrong.

Richie would soon turn 13 and has already had 236 interviews threw out the 4 years he's been at the foster care agency. He was taken there after his dad took it to far one night when he had gotten drunk.

"Well, Richie, we'll stay in touch." Said the women, Cheryl, Richie thought her name was. Richie nodded at her. Richie wasn't dumb though, he knew that he wouldn't be seeing the Cray family again. It's happened many of times before, all ending the same way.

Richie really didn't mind. Something just didn't feel right about the Crays to Richie. with him and the Crays. He was use to being rejected. Richie just always assumed it was because he was to quite.

Richie use to be very talkative. But that Richie died years ago.

Richie's care taker came in shortly after the Crays left. "How did it go?" She asked, sitting in the seat across from Richie. Richie shrugged his shoulders.

"We didn't click."

"I see. Well not to worry! You have another interview scheduled for Friday." She smiled at him, looking down at some of her papers.

"I'll be thirteen by then. No ones gonna want a teen, Carol."

"You don't know that, Richard. And either way you'll only be thirteen for two days so don't make a big deal about it." Richie looked down at the ground and nodded. Carol reached out and grabbed Richie's hand.

"We'll find someone." Richie looked up at her and nodded again. Carol retracted her hand and grabbed some papers to give Richie. "This is the family you will be meeting Friday. What do you think?"

Richie looked down at the papers. It was a family of five. The mom, Karen the paper said, had a fake smile on and looked distressed. The father, Ted, looked only half awake. The oldest, a girl named Nancy, had a high, blonde ponytail and a big proud smile plastered on his face. The middle child, a boy named Mike who was about the same age as Richie and obviously wanted to be somewhere else, and lastly a young girl maybe around 3 named Holly had the sweatiest smile you'd ever see.

Richie read about the family for a few more minutes. As he read, Richie couldn't figure out why they wanted another kid. Isn't three enough? Especially with a young girl and two teens. Richie didn't think to long in it. He handed the papers back to Carol.

"So, what do you think?" Richie shrugged. Carol sighed and got up to leave. "You may got back to your room now, Richard. I think Sam was looking for you." Richie huffed as he got up.

Richie and his roommate Sam never have gotten along real well. Sam always yelling at Richie to speak up, or shut up. Whichever was right at the time. Richie opened the door to his room to see that Sam wasn't there. Richie let out a sigh of relief and sat down on his bed.

"Friday." Richie said to no one. "Let this one be it."

As Friday morning came, Richie was being rushed around to get ready for his interview with the Wheelers. Richie hadn't even eaten breakfast yet as he was pushed into the small office room.

Richie had memorized the room through out the years. It's old paint and the same pictures hung on the walls since the first time he came to the agency.

Richie sat down in his normal spot across the table facing the door. Richie didn't really know what to expect. He wondered if they would bring the kids.

As he was thinking, a knock came to the door and Carol came in with three people behind her.

"Richard, this is Karen and Ted Wheeler and their youngest daughter Holly." Richie gave a small wave from his seat. "Guys, this," she gestured over to Richie, "is Richard." Karen smiled at him, Ted nodded and Holly stared at him with her big dough eyes.

Richie smiled at her. Holly smiled back and ran over to him. She jumped into his lap and hugged him around his neck.

Richie was shocked at first, not used to all the attention. Holly pulled back and looked Richie dead in the eyes.

"You're gonna be my new brother and we're gonna be the best friends ever!" Richie giggled at her enthusiasm. "Mike and Nancy don't play with me. Will you?"

"Uh, well Holly, if this goes well-"

"It will. Don't worry." Holly cut him off. Then turned around and planted herself in Richie's lap. Carol gave a thumbs up to Richie then left, closing the door behind her. Karen and Ted made their way over and sat down in the chairs across from Richie and Holly.

"So, Richard, tell us about yourself." Karen started.

"Um, just Richie if that's okay." Karen nodded in response. "Well, I don't know, what do you want to know?"

"How'd you get here?" Asked Ted. Karen smacked him in the arm. "What?"

"It's okay, I don't mind. Um, my mom and dad uh... Had a um..." Richie cleared his throat, "an liquor problem. My mom was passed out most of the time and my dad would...." Richie looked down at the ground. "Hit me. Every time I talked. No matter what I said it was wrong in his book and he would hit me." Richie looked back up at them.

Karen took his hand. "That's in the past, Richie. I'm so sorry that that happened to you. It won't ever happen again and that, that I can promise you." Richie nodded as Karen retracted her arm. "Now tell us what you like to so for fun."

Richie and the Wheelers talked for about an hour and a half or so. Sharing laughs and smiles. Holly really warmed up to Richie. She cuddled into his chest and talked to him about her plans for when he came back with them.

Richie liked the idea of going back with the Wheelers. Talking with them had been the most happiness he's felt in a while now. The only thing Richie was worried about was Mike and Nancy. Summer had just gotten out a few days ago so he would have plenty of time to get to know them and everyone else more.

The interview ended to soon for Richie. He enjoyed talking with the Wheelers. He hoped he had said all the right things. He went over some things in his head about the interview as he waited for Carol.

When Carol finally showed up, she had a huge smile in her face. "They love you, Richard! They want you to move in on Monday, if you want to, of course."

Richie got up from his seat and ran over to Carol, giving her a huge hug. Richie could feel tears coming to his eyes. "Really?" He asked as a few tears rolled down his face. Richie felt her nod.

"Yep, they said you were the best with Holly and would be a good set to their family. So, what do you think? Richard Wheeler. Has a nice ring to it, hu?" Richie smiled at her, moving out of the hug.

"Yeah. Yeah, it does."

2. Chapter Two

Notes for the Chapter:

I' to lazy to mess with the summary so just read it.

The weekend was long and painful for Richie. He was basically jumping off the walls waiting for Monday. Sam was getting really annoyed with it. But Richie couldn't help it. He kept reminding himself the he found a family that actually wanted him.

Richie packed all his stuff Sunday night. Nothing special, just a duffle bag full of his freshly cleaned clothes and his backpack full of some personal belongings. As the sun set and Richie and Sam went to bed, Richie just couldn't seem to get comfortable.

He kept rolling from his left side to his right, then back over. He did that for at least 30 minutes before Sam yelled at him to quite from top bunk. Richie finally settled on his back and closed his eyes, only to open them again.

Richie couldn't sleep. Not knowing that he was going to leave tomorrow. The agency had been his only home for four years. But it wasn't just that, Carol had become kind of like a big sister to Richie and Sam was like...

The annoying cousin.

All jokes aside. Carol and Sam really did become something to Richie. They were the closest thing Richie has had to a family in a long time.

But now he has a new family, the Wheelers.

Or, is at least seeing how he fits with the Wheelers.

As he thought, he slowly drifted off to sleep.

Carol woke Richie up late and started rushing him around. "The Wheelers will be here at 7:00pm to get you, and you have to do chores and shower before they do. Know, get a move on!" She ordered aaa she left. Someone tapped on the shoulder once she was out of sight. Richie turned around and was surprised to see Sam.

"Hey, uh, I just came to say good luck, with the family and all. But uh, also, don't forget about me. And you better call you shit head! Or I'll hunt you down and punch you!" Richie laughed.

"I have every intention on doing so, Sam. Don't worry." Sam smiled and looked down at the ground to hide it. He cleared his the ought and looked back up at Richie.

"Now, we'd better start our chores or Carol is gonna have our heads!" Sam pointed over his shoulder at Carol yelling at one of the other kids. The poor kid looked horrified. Richie nodded and went off to his own chores.

It was 6:47pm and Richie had finished his chores hours ago. He had been siting around staring at the ceiling, waiting. It was deafeningly quite and Richie couldn't stop bouncing his legs. Sam was sitting beside him, equally as bored and stressed. He put a comforting hand on Richie's knee. Richie looked over at him in surprise.

"It'll be alright, Richie. Just relax." He said softly. Richie nodded and looked away. In the background, Richie could hear a knock on the front door. Richie jolted up and looked around the corner. He saw Carol opening the door and greeting none other than Karen and Ted Wheeler.

Richie shouldered his backpack and grabbed his duffle bag. Him and Sam walked over to the door together. Once Karen saw Richie she grabbed him up in a hug.

"So good to see you again, Richie." She said as she pulled back. She looked up to see Sam awkwardly standing by Carol. "Who's this?" Richie looked back at Sam.

"Oh, uh, my friend Sam. He's more like my brother now, but..." Richie trailed off in his own thoughts as the ADHD boy did a lot. Karen nodded hello to Sam and he responded with a small wave.

"We'll have to have you over some time, Sam." Sam smiled.

"Can I take your bag to the car for you?" Ted asked, reaching for the duffle bag. Richie gratefully handed it over to him. Karen walked out the door behind him. Richie, Sam and Carol stepped out on the small porch.

Richie hugged them both bye. Richie knew Sam was getting teary eyes but Richie knew he would never admit it. Richie waves them both bye one more time before getting in the car.

As they drove, Richie watched the town go by out the window. The drive was mostly quite, Karen and Ted asking a few questions every now and again.

Richie had his eyes closed when he felt them pull into the driveway. Richie opened his eyes and looked over at Ted and Karen.

They looked back at him and smiled. "You ready?" Karen asked. Richie nodded in response. He shouldered his backpack and grabbed his duffle bag from the trunk.

They walked up to the door and Ted unlocked the door. Karen called in once she stepped inside, "Kids! Come meet Richie!" Richie heard running coming in their direction. He soon saw Holly thundering towards him, arms spread out wide as she jumped at him.

She wrapped her short arms around his neck. Richie stumbled with the new weight around him, causing him to fall over backwards.

"ImissedyouImissedyouImissesyou!" Holly said all in one breath.

"Are you alright? Karen asked when she finally managed to pry off Holly. Richie closed his eyes as he tried to catch his breath.

"Just leave me here, this is my death spot. Please, go on without me." Richie waved his hand in the air a second then just gave up and

stayed still.

There was silence for a second, then laughter can from all around Richie. Richie smiled and opened his eyes. A boy offered a hand out to help Richie up and Richie gladly took it.

"I'm Richie."

"Mike."

Notes for the Chapter:

I tried to post this HOURS ago but had to help with my cousins and it got deleted twice 'cause of some godforsaken reason.

Leave me your thoughts in the comments!

Hope you enjoyed!

3. Chapter Three

Summary for the Chapter:

I'm too lazy to do a summary, so just read it.

Notes for the Chapter:

I AM SOOOOO SORRY FOR THE WAIT!!! I just got home from seeing family and I've not had a lot of time to write. I will TRY to post more frequently!!

Enjoy!!

"So what's Richie like?" Dustin asked Mike as he rolled.

"He's... Quite."

"What's he into?" Lucas asked, writing something down on his player page.

"I don't know. He seems to enjoy music. He mostly keeps to himself though." Mike shrugged "Holly's obsessed with him."

Dustin chuckles at that. "Keeps her off you."

"That's true."

"Your turn Will." Lucas says, looking. Will nodded and rolled.

"17!!" They all cheered.

-With Richie and Holly-

Holly had dragged Richie outside to play. She currently sword fighting with Richie with sturophome pool noodles. Holly swung her noodle at Richie's head. He dodged it by a few inches.

"Hey! I thought we agreed on no head shots missy!" Holly giggled and swung at his head again, hitting him this time. "Ah! I've been hit!" Holly giggled again and hit him in the chest. Richie clutched his

chest and dramatically fell backwards. Holly continued to hit Richie in the stumache with her noodle. Holly then stopped randomly. Richie opened one of his eyes to see what happened.

Holly was waving wildly at someone. "HI GEORGIE!!!" She yelled to someone. " COME LOOK WHAT I DID!!!" Holly looked back down at Richie. "Can you pretend to be dead?" Richie let out a small laugh and closed his eye again and stuck out his tounge.

Richie heard someone run over to Holly and say hi. Richie could tell it was a little boy. He felt a presence on either side of him and a poke on his left cheek.

"Is he really dead?" Asked the boy.

"I don't know, let's find out." Holly responded. He felt small feet hit his chest and almost imedety responded.

"Oof!" Richie cringed a bit.

"He's alive! Let's kill him for good!" The boy said.

"YEAH!" Holly yelled. The kids began jumping on his chest and stumache.

"AH!" Richie called out. The kids laughed and continued to jump on him. "Okay-ow-okay guys-ow-you got me-ow-come on! Give-ow-me a break!" The kids just kept laughing.

"Georgie!" Richie hears someone call out. The kids stop jumping. "G-get o-oo-off him!" The two kids get off Richie. Richie let's out a few breaths before sitting up. "S-Sorry." Richie looked up to see a boy that looked around his age maybe a year older. He had short brown hair that sort of flopped to the side. His hazel brown eyes stared back down at Richie.

"It's fine." Richie breathed out. "Kid you've got quite a spring in ya." Richie said looking over at the little boy. The older boy stuck his arm out to Richie. Richie gladly took it and pulled himself up.

"I h-haven't ev-ever seen y-you a-aro-around be-before. D-does M-M-Mike have like a s-secret b-brot-brother or s-somethin'?" Richie shook

his head and looked down at the ground. He put a hand on the back of his neck awkwardly.

"I'm a foster kid." Richie kept his eyes down.

"O-oh." Richie just nodded in response. The boy opened his mouth to say something but someone else beat him to it.

"BILL!"

"BILL!?"

"WHERE THE FUCK DID YOU GO?!" Voices called out. Richie and the boy, Bill, look over to see two boys coming into sight. The taller of the two had short, curly blonde hair. His red button up was tucked into his blue jeans. The shorter of the two had short, dark brown hair. He had on red short shorts and a phanny pack on.

Richie couldn't keep his eyes off the smaller boy, no matter how hard he tried to focus on the ground, his eyes somehow found their way back to the small panicked boy coming their way. Bill waved at them.

"Don't just run off like that Bill! You could've run into Bowers or something!" The shortest of the boys said.

"Yeah! Then what would you have done?" The curly haired boy asked.

"R-run." Bill shrugged. The curly haired boy rolled his eyes. "Anyway, I c-couldn't just l-let G-Ge-Georgie run off!" Bill exclaimed.

"Yeah, okay." The shorter boy said. He looked over at Richie and Richie immediately looked down. "Who's this?" The boy asked. Bill and the curly haired boy looked over at Richie also.

"I-I never g-go-got your na-name."

"Richie."

Notes for the Chapter:

Also, happy pride month!!

I know I'm a bit late in a month but..... Yeah!

#LoveWins

#PansexualPride

4. Chapter Four

Summary for the Chapter:

Okay, SO, I originally thought that this series would take place in about 1987 or so 'cause it's somewhat inbetween the IT and Stranger Things time lines seeing as Stranger Things was put in 1983 and IT in 1989 (at least in the new movie). BUT then I did some thinking. If I did that, all the main characters would be 13-14, and that's gonna screw up some of my plans. SO I'm putting this fic in 1989-1990 where everybody will be 16-17. So there you go.

Notes for the Chapter:

I didn't exactly have anything planned for this chapter so.....

Just some chats about Richie.

Max and Beverly should be in the next chapter. I'm not sure when I'm gonna put in Eleven/Jane.

"So, who was that?" Stan asked Bill as they walked passed the drug store.

"H-he was a fo-foster k-kid."

"That must suck, especially at his age." Eddie joined in.

"Y-yeah."

"What do you thinks gonna happen when he meets Bowers?" Stan looked over at the two. Bill shrugged as Eddie answered.

"He's either gonna beat the shit out of Richie or just ignore him. Most likely the first one."

"Wh-who knows, ma-maybe R-Ri-Richie c-can hold hi-his ground."

"Maybe." Stan sighed as they neared his house. "I'll see you guys tomorrow."

"S-see ya." Bill said as Eddie waved. Once Stan was inside, Bill and Eddie went off to Eddie's house.

-With Mike And His Group In The Basement-

"So, have you ever, like, talked to Richie?" Dustin asked Mike after a while of playing.

"Some." Mike leaned back in his chair some, causing the front to go off the ground a little.

"Well, what he say? Anything interesting?" Will looks up at Mike.

"He talked some about his past. Apparently his father was like, really abusive and his mother was a drunk or something." Mike takes a drink of his soda.

"Wow." Lucas shakes his head.

"Yeah."

"Is he into D&D?" Dustin asked.

"Do you want him to join the party or something? We already have 6 members, do we really need him?" Lucas said.

"I'm not saying he should join the party, Lucas, I was just asking."

"I don't know. Do you think he's even played?" Mike shrugged.

"Maybe." Will said as he rested his chin in his palm.

"It's your roll, Lucas." Lucas nodded and rolled.

"12." Lucas wrote something down on his paper.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you have any character suggestions or anything you want to happen with the characters, I'm open for

anything, leave it in the comments! :)

Hope you liked it!!

5. Chapter Five

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie meets an interesting fire haired girl.

Notes for the Chapter:

I rushed a little 'cause I had to go somewhere, so if it sucks tell me.

"I'm so late! Lucas is gonna kill me!" Max groans as her and her cousin, Beverly, walked

"He can't be /that/ mad. Remember that time he has three hours late for y'all's first date?"

"True, but still. I'm still new to the party and I'm still getting the hang of Dn'D. You know?"

Beverly rolled her eyes. The two girl sneered the house. Max knocked three times. They could hear someone shout something from inside. When the door finally opened, it was by someone neither of the girls recognized.

"More of Mike's friends?" The boy asked. Holly was on his shoulders, giggling. Max nodded. The boy smiled and moved out of the way. Max nodded to him and went down the basement stairs, closing the door behind her. Beverly stepped inside. Richie closed the door, turning to go in the loving room.

"So, who are you?" Beverly asked, causing Richie to turn back around. Holly pulled his hair, making the boy wince.

"Uh, Richie." He offered a hand, which Beverly shook. Richie smiled.

"I'm Beverly." Richie adjusted Holly a bit. "So, are you, like, Mike's cousin or something? I've never..." Beverly examined Richie's face a minute or two. "... Seen you around before. I don't think so, anyway."

Richie looked down at the ground. "No uh.. I'm actually a foster kid."

"O-oh." Richie nodded. "Well, Richie, me and a few friends where going to quarry, if you wanna come." Richie looked up at her, a surprised look plastered on his face.

"I think that's a great idea." Karen said taking Holly off Richie.

"Great! Let's go!" Beverly said. She pulled Richie out the door, closing it behind her. Richie had no time to respond before she looked over her shoulder and said, "Race ya!" And broke into a sprint.

Richie ran after her, a smile creeping onto his face. The ran neck-and-neck, passing each other from time to time. As they ran into a wooded area, Beverly slowed her pace. Richie mirrored her action.

Soon they stopped running. Both panting, they look over at each other. Beverly breaks into a breathy laugh. Richie laughs along with her.

"Let's go, some of my friends should be here." Beverly starts walking down a small dirt path. Richie follows her. They soon reached a small clearing by a cliff.

Richie could hear voices, but he couldn't pin point where they was coming from. Beverly looked over at Richie and flicked his shirt collar.

"Better strip." She said as she started unbuttoning her flower-y dress. Richie just nodded and followed her action again.

Once down to underwear, Beverly grabbed Richie's wrist and ran to the edge of the cliff, jumping off together. Richie swam up to shore first.

"Richie?"

"R-Richie?"

"Richie!"

"Who?"

"What?"

Beverly came bursting out of the water. "Oh, right. Bill, Stan, Eddie, Ben, Mike, this is Richie. Richie, this is Bill, Stan, Eddie, Ben and Mike." Richie waved.

"We know him." Eddie said, gesturing around to Stan and Bill.

"Met hu-him ch-chu-chancing after G-Georgie." Beverly laughed.

"I already know I'm gonna mix up Mike and Mike." Richie giggled. Beverly, and Eddie laughed along with him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Tell me your thoughts! Comments are always appreciated!

:)

Sorry for the abrupt ending.....

I couldn't really think of anything else to write.....

Sorry.....

6. Authors Note! Sorry!!!!

Summary for the Chapter:

I'm sorry, this isn't an update. IM SORRY!

Hey everybody!

I'm so sorry this isn't an update! But I've tried writing the next chapter for a while now but couldn't quite find the right words. So instead here's an authors note!

I've had a few ideas for some other stories but didn't know if any of y'all would be interested? So, would anyone be interested in a few one shots to see if you would be interested in the story's????

(How many times can I use the word interested?)

Anyways, tell me what y'all think?

I should have the next chapter of Shut Up! out soon! I don't know when exactly, but soon!

Bye Bye!

7. Chapter Six

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie meets Bowers.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've been planning for Richie and Will to be friends, but didn't really know how to write it in. So, I figured Bowers could help.

"Why don't you go explore the town, Richie? You haven't really looked around. I mean, you've only seen what? The quarry and the neighbors house?" Karen said as she cooked.

"Yeah, but-"

"No buts, now go! Have fun! Maybe meet up with some of your friends?" Richie just sighed and nodded, and before he knew it, he was walking along Main Street trying to find a descent place to smoke. Richie found that it helped clear his mind.

As he walked, he looked at the scenery of the small town. Hawkins didn't have to many things to see. There was a theater, a small grocery store, a diner. Nothing to special. He watched people go by, hearing them tell stories, laughing. Richie couldn't help but think of Sam, all the times he talked Richie into breaking away from the foster home. Just to get away. Richie sighed at the memorie's. He missed Sam.

Richie's train of thought was suddenly broken by a boy. He was running, rammed right into Richie. They both fell to the ground, the boy right on top of Richie. Richie didn't have any time to respond before the boy was ripped of him.

"Now prick," A voice came from above. "You're gonna give me what I want." The boy was now pinned to the wall of Radio Shack. "Or, you're gonna have a baaaad time." The boy nodded vigorously. The assaulter looked down at Richie. "Vic, get him." Richie gets picked up

and slammed against the wall next to the other boy. Richie recognized this boy but didn't know where from.

"Henry, what exactly are we looking for?" The guy who was holding the other boy, Henry Richie now knew, looks over at Vic with a death stair.

"We're looking for this bitch's fag friend." Henry turns back to the boy. "Now where the /hell/ did he go?!" The boy only cried harder, pointing to the right.

"Can we go now?" Vic asked anctussly. Henry just ground and let the boy go, storming off in the direction he pointed. Vic followed suite, running after Henry.

Richie and the boy both slid down to the ground. Richie couldn't be more confused. He looked over at the crying boy.

"I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to drag you into this."

"Hey, uh, it's- it's okay. You... What just happened?"

"Henry and his goons, they uh, ran into me and my friend, Dustin. Dustin he uh, got into a fight with Henry. Kicked him in the dick, ran off, left me in the dust."

"Some friend."

"I've known Dustin for years. He got himself in so deep shit today." The boy sighed, wiping his eyes. "Oh, um, I'm Will."

"Mike's friend?"

"Uh, yeah.. How'd you-"

"I'm Richie."

"Ooh. Mike's new brother."

"Sure."

Notes for the Chapter:

Tell me what y'all think!

Next chapter should be out soon! I've got some ideas for next chapter. :)

8. Authors Note

I'M SUPER SORRY THIS HASN'T BEEN UPDATED YET!!!!

So I've started a new series for those of you who don't know. It's a recommendation series about Markiplier and all his friends. I still have to do two stories over there. I thought I was going to have them out by now and the next chapter to this. Obviously that hadn't happened, and I'm sorry. I'm also about to head down to Galveston for my great grandmothers birthday. I'll be gone for about a week and will try my hardest to write as much as I can.

Also, the weather where I live has been everywhere. It has been raining like crazy and the electricity has been going out a bunch thanks to lightning bringing down electrical polls. Thanks Mother Nature! But, every time the electricity goes out, I loose wifi and can't write anymore. I have come up with some great ideas for the best chapter in my down time and I will try and have it out soon!!!

Please don't hate me, I already hate myself enough for all of you!! :)

9. Chapter Seven

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Will have a heart-to-heart on the way back to the Wheelers house. Richie finds it easy to act more himself then the quiet boy he'd grown to be.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry it's been a while! Not completely sure on when the next chapter will be out, sorry! I've been pretty busy lately but I'm gonna try and get on a schedule and once I figure all of it out I'll tell y'all!!

Enjoy!!

"So what's it like?" Will asked, breaking the silence Will and Richie were walking in.

"What's what like?" Richie looked over at him with his eyebrows pushed together.

"Living with Mike. Like, what's he talk about?" Richie looked back in front of him.

"Oh," Richie never really got the chance to have a full out conversation with Mike. Just awkward chats at dinner. "Well, he mainly talks about you guys." Will smiled a little.

"What's he say about m-us?" Richie glanced over at Will with a small smirk.

"Just how good your ass looks." Will looked over at him with wide eyes and his mouth was hanging open, blushing dark red.

"H-he- What- I- Uh- No-" Richie laughed at Will.

"I'm just messin' with you!" Will visibly relaxes. He turns back to look where he was walking. "No, just about y'all's sleepovers. He talks a lot

about some girl named El, or Jane, that's not clear to me." Will frowns.

"It's Jane but all of us have got into a habit of calling her El."

"Why?"

"That's a long story." They walk in a tense silence for a few moments before Richie breaks the it by saying,

"So who is she?"

"Who?"

"Jane."

"Oh," Will sighs, he looks frustrated and Richie mentally panicked about if he asked the wrong question, "she's Mike's girlfriend, and my step sister." Richie looked over at Will again.

"But you like Mike?" Will stopped walking and looked at him in shock.

"N-no, I-I'm not- I mean- how did you-"

"You're painfully obvious, Will," Richie smiled at him.

"So you're okay with me being-"

"Gay? Why wouldn't I be? I'm pretty sure I'm Bisexual."

"Oh." Richie nods and they continue walking. They walked in comfortable silence for a while before Will broke it. "I haven't told anyone else."

"Neither have I."

"When'd you find out?" Will asked, looking down at the ground as they walked.

"I was crushing hard on my friend Sam at the foster home before I moved in with the Wheelers." Will nodded. "What about you?"

"Mike." Richie nodded. "You won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Promise I won't." Richie made an X over his heart with his index finger. Will smiles, and they walk.

Once at the Wheelers, they walk through the back door, which leads to the basement. Richie closes the door behind him and once he turns around, he sees something he didn't expect.

There was a boy sitting on the couch with Mike. The kid was bleeding from the mouth, knees and knuckles. He was holding a washcloth to his mouth. Mike had his hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

"Dustin! What happened?!" Will rushed over to him, sitting on the other side of the couch by the boy, Dustin.

"The Demogorgon, it got me." Dustin said, looking over at Will.

"Demogorgon? Like the D&D monster?" Richie asked from behind the door.

"You play D&D?" Mike questioned, gaining a nod from Richie.

"Who's the Demogorgon?" Richie asked.

"Bowers, who you've met." Will answers. Richie nodded.

"You've met Bowers already?" Mike asked, removing his hand from Dustin's shoulder. Richie nodded and opened his mouth to explain when Karen called for him.

"Excuse me." Richie said, jogging up the stairs. "Yes?"

"Your friends are here for you." Karen gestured at the door. Richie furrowed his brow and walked over to the open front door. Standing there was Eddie and Beverly.

"Richie!" Eddie cheered as Bev smiled at him.

"Hey guys, what's up?" Richie smiled back.

Notes for the Chapter:

But of a shorter chapter, sorry!!!!

Tell me your thought!! Every judo and comment means so much to me!!

Thank you!!

10. Chapter Eight

Summary for the Chapter:

I'm too lazy to make a summary, so just read

Notes for the Chapter:

This is a re-uploaded chapter. The last one I did was messed up because I was on vacation and didn't post for 1000 years. But, when I did upload I did the dumb thing of not reading what I had already wrote before writing the next chapter. So, it was kinda repeating some things I had already said. Sorry 'bout that guys...

Also, I just wanted to clarify everybody's ages:
Eddie, Will, and Jane are 14
Everybody else is 15 except Nancy, Johnathan, Billy, and Steve- they're all 18-19ish

And of course the parents lol

Richie was now walking down the street with Beverly and Eddie, holding a already half-way melted ice cream cone, listening to Beverly and Eddie fight about which flavor was the best.

"Strawberry." Eddie stated.

"Mint." Beverly corrected.

"Strawberry!"

"Mint!"

"Strawb-"

"Strawberry mint. Now, stop fighting before I lose my mind. Please?" Richie said after he covered Eddie's mouth. His larger hand covered most of Eddie's jaw, too. Richie couldn't help but think of how cute-ly small Eddie was. But, as always someone snatched him away from his

thoughts, this time by Bev.

"That's not even an ice cream flavor!"

"It doesn't need to be, now be quiet." Richie finished, removing his hand from Eddie's mouth.

"Jesus, Rich, you could've just sad shut up! You know how many germs are on your hand? A lot!" Eddie complained while wiping his mouth.

"Yeah, yeah." Richie huffed as he slung his arm around Eddie- Eddie pushing it off, but he was smiling.

They walked in a comfortable silence all of them lost in thought. But soon, Beverly once again broke it.

"Shit! I was supposed to be home an hour ago!" She half-yelled, looking at her watch. She threw away the remains of her cone in a near by trash bin, and took off. "See ya guys later!" She waved as she ran backwards around a corner. Eddie giggled and continued walking.

"She do that a lot?"

"Every time we hang out." Richie nodded and Eddie looked at his watch. "I should probably start heading home, too." He sighed.

"I'll walk ya there. Lead the way, Eds."

"Don't call me Eds."

"I won't if you call me Chee'."

"I'm not gonna call you Chee'."

"Then sorry Eds, the name sticks." They chatted like this till they made it to Eddie's house... Sadly.

"This is me." Eddie pointed to a brown and white house, not too small but not too big. There was a fenced in yard in the back there was a dog house in the back by no dog.

"That for you when you're a bad boy?" Richie asked, pointing at the dog house. Eddie rolled his eyes.

"No, we used to have a dog. My dad loved that thing. But when my dad died, mom got rid of him." Eddie shook his head at the memory.

"Oh. Sorry." Richie started to worry. I didn't mean to bring up his dad! Now he's gonna hate me and-

"It's okay, really. It was a long time ago." Eddie stuck his hands in his back pockets, looking at the ground. Richie stared at Eddie, soon moving his hand up to the corner of Eddie's mouth. Eddie jerked his head up to look at Richie, eyes wide.

"You had some ice cream." Richie said, moving his hand back down to his side. Eddie, face turning an adorable shade of pink, nodded. Eddie opened to say something, but was interrupted by his mother.

"EDDIE-BEAR! You're late! I was worried sick! I 'bout called the police!" The big woman flopped down the front steps to Eddie engulfing Eddie in a tight hug.

"Mom, I'm only two minutes late." Eddie said into his mother's dress.

"Exactly." She said, finally letting go of Eddie, looking at Richie. "And who are you?"

"Right, sorry, Richie Tozier." Richie stuck his hand out for her to shake, only for her to grunt and turn back to Eddie.

"Come inside and wash up for dinner." She pushed Eddie's back a bit. But, he turned around and hugged Richie. Richie was a bit taken aback by this at first, but hugged back after a second. Eddie pulled back first saying, "See you tomorrow, Chee'." With that, Eddie ran inside after his mother.

Richie smiled to himself. He smiled so much that his face eventually started to hurt as he walked home. Richie thought about what he was going to do tomorrow.

Once Richie got home, he was immediately greeted by Will, frantic and pulling him inside.

"Richie! I'm having issues!" Will said, yanking Richie into the sitting area.

"What? What happened?"

"A lot!"

"What?! Just tell me!"

"Mike and Jane broke up and I don't know what to doooooo!" Will said all together.

"Wow! Will! Slow down! So, Mike and Jane broke up?"

"Yes! Now what do I do!"

"Will," Richie grabbed the sides of Will's face, forcing him to look him in the eyes and said, "you need to calm down." Will stared at Richie, then nodded. Richie let him go. "Now, sit, and tell me everything that happened."

And so, there they sit now, talking about Mike (trying to keep it down so he wouldn't hear) and making a plan.

Notes for the Chapter:

I apologize again for messing up this chapter before!
It was not in my intentions, I was just being lazy. I
hope you all will forgive me

If I misspell anything, feel free to point it out. Sorry
if I do

Now, enough jibber jabber, on to the chapter!

11. Chapter Nine

Summary for the Chapter:

Something bad happens...

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeet

Don't hate me :)

Will and Richie agreed to meet up after school to talk more about Will's... Infatuation.

Richie walked with Eddie and Bev to school like always. Or, they would randomly show up at his house in the mornings and force him to walk with them. Not that Richie minded, of course.

About half way to school, Stan and Bill joined them. Soon followed by Ben. Mike normally got a ride to school since he lived out in the country a ways.

Once at school, Richie and Eddie ventured of to their lockers, Bev heading and Bill heading to study hall to finish homework, and everybody else going to the cafeteria.

Eddie and Richie greeted Dustin and Will, who were chatting by their own lockers, which weren't too far from Eddie and Richie's. Eddie's locker was only one away from Richie's.

"You study late last night? Mr. Clarke kinda hit hard went all out with this test, huh?" Eddie frowned.

"Yeah, stayed up till about 1:30. Holly came into my room at one point, saying that she had a bad dream. She was apparently very fascinated with the Periodic Table." Eddie giggled, which made Richie smile.

Eddie opened his mouth to reply, but got cut off by the loud speaker coming on, followed by the frantic voice of one of the facility

members.

"Attention everybody! This is not a drill! We will be going into lockdown. If you are not in the cafeteria, go into a classroom and lock the door." With that, the power cut.

Eddie was frantic, looking at Richie to Will to Dustin, eyes wide and mouth open. He was breathing rapidly.

"Rich, what do- I-"

"Eds, you need to calm down, we're gonna be fine, alright?" Richie said, grabbing Both sides of Eddie's face, forcing him to properly look at him. Eddie stared at Richie for a moment then nodded. They stayed like that for a moment, until they heard a scream. "Get in your locker!" Richie said, pushing Eddie in his still open locker.

"Rich, what about you?"

"Shh, Eds, don't worry about me. Just, stay quiet. Okay?" Richie said, closing Eddie's locker.

"No, no Richie don't leave! You- you can't leave m-" Eddie was cut off by a loud band. Richie turned around and ushered Will and Dustin into the nearest classroom, closing the door after they were both safely inside.

"Richie! What are you doing?" Eddie whisper yelled from his spot in the locker.

"You told me not to leave you."

"But I want you to be safe! Go somewhere!" Richie was looking around for a spot close by. But, soon heard another scream, followed by a painful ringing. Richie felt light-headed. He covered his ears with his hands. Richie ran into the corner behind the row of lockers Eddie was in.

When the ringing faded, Richie could hear the lockers in the other row, the one before Eddie's and Richie's, being nicked into. He could hear Eddie wimped a little. The noise was growing closer.

"I know you're there," a rugged voice said. "You can't hide." The noise and voice was getting closer, louder. Richie couldn't let him get to Eddie. Or Dustin and Will, of course. Richie heard the noise stop for a moment, moving to the next set of lockers.

He was close to Eddie.

Richie didn't know what to do. So he did the first thing that came to mind. He came out from the corner.

"Richie no!" Eddie yelled from the locker.

"Ah ha, here's the fuckers I heard earlier. Know let's have a little fun, shall we?" The man took a step towards Richie.

"Don't fucking touch him!" Eddie slammed into the locker door.

"Yeah? What you gonna do?" The man slammed his gun into Eddie's locker.

"Hey!" Richie pulled the man away from Eddie by the shoulder.

Richie didn't know what happened after that. Everything went so fast. He saw Eddie threw the slits in his locker. He was crying and screaming no. Richie looked down. He was bleeding. His vision was blurring. He felt himself falling.

Then everything went dark.

Notes for the Chapter:

Tell me your thoughts :)

12. Chapter Ten

Summary for the Chapter:

Redoing the last two chapters

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm not dead guys!! :)

I'm sorry I haven't posted, life gets in the way sometimes

Thank you if you stayed around for this fic

Eddie's POV~

Eddie was in shock. What just happened? His ears were ringing, mouth hanging open, he couldn't think straight. He stared as Richie hit the ground, blood covering the floor.

He saw Dustin and Will through the classroom's door window, staring out at Richie.

The man looked back to Eddie in his locker, staring at him with cold eyes.

Eddie hadn't got the chance to really look at his earlier, he was wearing a mask that went over his nose, covering his mouth, overgrown bangs going over his face.

It was none other than Henry Bowers.

Of course it was, he was a sick, insane bastard. Everyone knew he was going to crack one day, but why today, why Richie?

"HENRY!" A voice yelled over the noise. There was still guns going off, people screaming, and the faint sound of police sirens. "Henry! We have to go, now!" Another masked man said, running around the corner, it was no other than Patrick, Vic behind him, still holding up his gun, pointed down the hallway they came from.

"Police are here, we're going to get eaten alive. Your dad is here! We can't have him finding us!" Patrick continued. Henry looked from Patrick back to Eddie, glaring at him, then turning back at running off with the other two boys, guns firing.

Dustin and Will came hurtling out the classroom. Will going right to Richie, Dustin going to Eddie, letting him out.

Eddie got down on his knees, next to Richie, he was still breathing, thankfully. He had lost too much blood. They had to get him out of there, and fast.

"What do we do?!" Will asked, frantic.

"I, I don't know, I- we- we need to get him help, out of h-here."

"We need to find the others, make sure they're okay too!" Dustin said. Eddie nodded.

"I'll stay here with Richie, Will, go find help, Dustin, go find the others. Bring them here."

"We can't just leave you here-"

"Just go! Richie is depending on us right now if you haven't noticed! Go!" Dustin nodded and took off down the hall, Will behind him, leaving Eddie alone with Richie.

13. Chapter 011

Summary for the Chapter:

Why haven't I been doing the chapter number's like this the whole time? Oof, regret.

Dustin's POV~

As Dustin jogged around the halls, he tried to remember where everybody was at. He remembered seeing Bev and Bill go into study hall when Eddie and Richie met he and Will at their lockers. He busted through the study hall door. The lights were off and he didn't see anyone. He looked around, hoping he would see someone.

"Bev?! Bill?! Are you guys in here?!" He whispered-yelled.

"Dustin?" Said a voice from under a desk near the back of the room. He could faintly see Beverly's fire red hair and Bill beside her

"Yeah, I'm here, we need to go right now. Richie.. he.." Dustin stopped, thinking of what he had seen. Richie falling. His blood. "We need to go." He finally finished. Bev got up fast, Bill behind her, the three ran out the door, not wasting any time. "We need to find everyone else. Eddie is with Richie down the hall."

"I'm going to Richie, you guys look without me." Beverly said, running off without another word.

"W-what n-n-now? I-is R-r-ri-richie okay?"

"Hopefully." Bill's eyes grew wide. "Lets go, everyone else were in the cafeteria, right?" Bill nodded and they ran off again.

Will's POV~

Will ran around the halls, looking for someone, anyone that could help him. He ended up at the front of the school, police officers and ambulances were everywhere. There were kids being helped out of

the school, some injured, others going after their friends or to family members that had come up to get their kids. This wasn't right. Why? Why Hawkins? Why today? Why?

Will's thought came to a end when he got to a police officer, Jim Hopper to be exact. Hopper was his step-dad, so Will thought he could be trusted the most with Richie.

"HOPPER! It's Richie! You have to come with me, he's- he's dying! Come on!" Will said all at once, pulling Jim back to the school.

"Okay, wait. Where is he?" Hopper asked, stopping Will.

"He's down by the english room, by our lockers. He- he's lost a lot of b-blood and and..-"

"Okay, don't freak out, we'll get him and bring him to help quick, Mike and your other friends are over there, go wait with them."

"But-" Will didn't get another word in before Hopper ran off with a doctor and two police men. He looked to where Hopper had pointed for his friends and saw Dustin and everyone else in a big huddle. Dustin must of found all of them at some point. Some of their parents were there, trying to make them all calm down. He saw his own mother with Jane. Everyone was crying.

Then he saw Mike.

He had a giant bandage on his left cheek, and a black eye. Once Will saw him, he became his top priority. He ran over to him immediately.

"Mike! What happened?! Are you okay?! What is that from?! Are you oka-"

"I'm fine Will." Mike said, putting a hand over Will's mouth to stop his talking. "Is that your blood?!" Mike asked, removing his hand from Will's cheek and taking both of Will's hands in his own.

"No.. It's uh.. it's-"

"RICHIE!" Karen Wheeler screamed as a paramedic came rushing him out. Eddie and Beverly were right behind the paramedic with

Hopper. Mike and Will rushed over, everyone else's foot steps pounding behind them. Nancy, Karen, and Mike were all in front, Eddie not far away with Beverly. Ben, Bill and Mike H were all standing behind Bev. Dustin and Will were with Lucas, Jane and Ms. Byers.

"We can have one person ride with us in the ambulance." One of the paramedics from inside the ambulance said.

"I will," Karen said, moving past Nancy and Mike to get in. After she got in, the doors shut and they raced off.

There was nothing to do now, but wait.

14. Chapter 012

Summary for the Chapter:

Yes I'm doing the chapter numbers like this now, fight me.

Eddie's POV~

Nothing was happening. It had been more than 4 hours. Eddie couldn't wait much longer, Will had promised to call him right when he found something out. Eddie's mother, much to his dismay, wouldn't let him stay in the waiting room with the others.

"Eddie-bear, do you know how many germs are in hospitals?! You would catch the flu if you stayed there!"

"His family is there Eddie, he doesn't need you there."

"He will be fine for a night Eddie, lets go home and get you out of those filthy clothes and washed up."

"But what if I need him mother? What if I'm not there and something goes wrong? What if I can't say good-bye? He saved my life!" Of course Eddie wouldn't say this to his mother's face, but he can scream in his head. Eddie plopped onto his bed and put his hands over his face. "Why can't I be stronger? Why didn't I protect him, like he protected me? It should've been me," Eddie said into his hands. If he had only said something, made Richie stop from walking in front of Henry.

Henry.

He's still out there. Does Hopper know it was him?

I'll have to tell him, when Will calls, Eddie thought.

Eddie shouldn't of gotten in the locker to begin with. He should've protected Richie better. He saved his god damn life! Now Eddie didn't even know if he could say thank you, or good-bye.. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to think about that. Richie was too young, he can't die now. Eddie had just started to get to know him. He had just gotten his life back, friends, a family.

What's Holly going to think? What's going to happen if he does..

"No, that won't happen," Eddie said to nobody. "He won't die." If Will would just call him, he would know. "Please call soon."

Will's POV~

Will stared at the hospital's ceiling, thought over thought coming, then going again, just to be replaced by another. He couldn't stop think about Richie laying on the floor, eyes wide open, blood spilling everywhere.

He had just gotten here. Just started their friendship.

He looked away from the ceiling, looking over at Mike, who was past out on Will's shoulder. He must of fallen asleep sometime in the small chats from the group. He tore his eyes off of the sleeping boy, looking around the room at everyone else. Mike H and Dustin were on the floor, playing card games. To the left of them, on another row of chairs and couches, was Ben and Beverly. Ben was asleep, head to the side and Beverly was asleep in his lap. Bill was to the right of them with Stan, the two talking quietly to themselves. Lucas and Max were asleep on each others shoulders. Jane was sitting between Hopper and Joyce, who were all talking with Karen and Nancy. Johnathan had come up, too, and was sitting with Nancy.

Will looked back over to Mike, he looked so peaceful asleep. Will felt safe with Mike, like when he was around, nothing bad would happen, or had happened. He made everything better by just being there to Will. He was grateful that Mike wasn't hurt badly. Even though Mike was okay, Will still hated himself for not being with him, and not protecting him better. What if something like what happened to Richie, happened to Mike? What would've Will done? Will shook his head, shacking away the thought. "That didn't happen," Will reminder himself. Mike shifted in his asleep, nuzzling into Will's shoulder. Will smiled at him.

From his peripheral vision, he saw Jane get up from her spot and walk towards Will. She came and sat in front of Will on the floor.

"You two are cute together," she said.

"What? B-but you two just broke up, and I- I'm not- I mean- I'm not-" Jane took his hand, stopping his ranting.

"Will, I understand. Our brake up was mutual, we're still friends. I know, you don't have to lie. I wont tell anyone."

"Promise?"

"Promise." Jane smiled and Will smiled back at her.

"Thank you Jane, that means a lot." Jane nodded and let go of Will's hand. Right when Jane got up to go back to her spot, a doctor came into the waiting room. Everybody looked over at her, eyes wide, Karen got up from her spot, so did Nancy. Will shook Mike awake, he blinked a couple times, looked around, and also got up from his spot, followed by Will.

"Well, how is he? Is he okay? Well?" Karen asked, all at once, tearing up again.

"Well," the doctor started, "Richard is just fine, he's breathing on his own and doing great. We're going to keep him over night and we'll call you when he wakes up. You may go home or stay here, which ever you prefer, but we insist that you go home and get some rest. He is in good hands here." Everybody visibly relaxed, Karen letting out a teary sigh of relief. Mike turned and hugged Will.

"I told you he was gonna be okay, didn't I, Mike?" Mike nodded into Will's shoulder.

"Yeah," Mike hugged Will tight, then pulled away, "you did. And, you're always right."

"Will the Wise, right?" Mike laughed.

"Right." Will smiled at Mike, then turned to the doctor. "May I use your phone?"

15. Chapter 013

Summary for the Chapter:

Does anyone even read this anymore? If you do, hi, how are you? If you could, would you mayybeee comment so I know you're here? Thank youu soooooooooooooo much, it means a lot that you're here!! :)

Eddie's POV~

Eddie looked up at the clock hanging over the oven, 2:23am, no one had called. Eddie let out a sigh, getting up from the kitchen table. He walked threw the kitchen, then going back, pacing. When will he call? Why is it taking so long? Why does Eddie care so much? He had only just met Richie, and yet Eddie had the need to know that he was okay.

Eddie's mother's snoring sounded in the background as Eddie thought, her romance movie playing loudly in the background. Eddie went and sat back down, staring at the hanging phone above the table. He could barely sit still, he was bouncing his legs uncontrollably, tapping his fingers on his thighs. What if Will didn't call? Eddie trusted Will, though. "He will call, just be patient," Eddie said to himself. "Just a little longer."

~30 minutes later~

Eddie had given up, no one was going to call. Eddie would just call Will in the morning to check in, maybe go see Richie himself. But right now, Eddie was falling asleep in his chair. He got up, got himself a glass of water to quickly take his pills, then headed out of the kitchen.

He peeked his head into the door one last time and waited a few seconds. Nothing. So he turned again and walked to the stairs, slowly taking steps up them. When Eddie hit the third step, he had completely given up. So he turned completely around, took one more step up, and something that was very unexpected happened.

The phone rang.

Eddie didn't think it was really happening at first, he thought that maybe he was just imagining it from wanting it to happen. But then it rang again.

Eddie didn't think twice again and shot to the kitchen, quietly, so not to wake his mother. Right when he stepped close to the hanging phone, he grabbed it up and whisper-yelled into it.

"Hello?! Will?! Richie, is he-"

"Fine. Perfectly stable and his resting here at the hospital overnight," Will finished. Eddie sighed, holding back tears of relief and joy. "If you want, me and some of the others are going to come visit him in the morning, of you want to tag along or-" Will continued, being cut off.

"Yes, yeah, I'd love to," Will giggled, "hey, did they say anything like what he was like right now, like his condition?" There was a pause on the other end, as Will thought.

"She said that he was stable and breathing on his own."

"Good, that's good."

"Yeah it is," Will paused, it sounded as if he had lowered the phone down, Eddie could still hear him talking, just not what he was saying. "Hey Eddie, I have to go home now, but I'll see you tomorrow then?"

"Yeah, yeah great," Eddie said breathy. "Uh, night Will, and thanks for calling."

"No problem Eddie, night." Then there was silence, Eddie left alone again with his thoughts to keep him company. At least he knew he was okay, and now he could sleep easy and see him tomorrow.

~The next morning~

Eddie woke at 6:37am, quickly rushing around, throwing on the shorts he had worn yesterday, that he had left on the ground, and throwing on a random shirt from his closet. He pulled on his tennis

shoes and flew down the stairs. He rushed to the front door, forgetting all about breakfast or his mother. He didn't have to worry long about his mother, though, because tapped to the front door, was a not that read, "Eddie-Bear! I went out with some friends for breakfast and cards. There is fruit in the fridge. -Kiss kiss, Mom" with a small heart drawn on the bottom.

He really couldn't care less about where his mother was at that point, all Eddie cared about right then and there was getting to Richie. He had no intent of being stopped then. So, with a slam to the front door, and a double check that it was locked up, Eddie headed away to the hospital. ~

Eddie found it strange, him going up to the hospital, on purpose. He had been there to many times to ever want to be there again, on rushes to the E.R. from his mothers endless, ridiculous worrying. And yet, there he was, walking up mainstreet.

The hospital wasn't to far from anything important, always in a good walking distance. It was a small town. So it didn't take Eddie long to be rushing into the building and up to the front desk.

"May I help you?" The receptionist asked, looking Eddie up and down.

"Yes actually, what room is Richie Tozier in?" The lady looked down at some papers, flipping threw some of them, then finally coming to a stop.

"436, but visiting hours aren't for another hour or so-"

"Thank you ma'm." Eddie said, hurrying away. She let him go, as he thought she would. It was to early in the day for any of them to care. Eddie walked along the halls, searching for the right door. Finally, after 10 minutes, he saw it. In big black print right up on the glass, 436.

He slowly opened the door, so not to wake him if he was sleeping still, and he was. He lay there, motionless, only but his slow

breathing, the rise and the fall of his chest. Eddie tiptoed to one of the chairs seated close to the bed. Eddie sat there, looking at the boys face. Without his stupidly large glasses on, Eddie could now see all of his face. His beautiful, long, dark eyelashes, soft lips, freckles covering most of his face and neck. He was absolutely gorgeous. Eddie would of course never say that out loud.

Eddie gently took Richie's hand in his own, lifting it up to his face. Now he just had to wake up. As Edie was looking and thinking of Richie, he got lost in everything that is Richie, slowly falling to sleep. He rested he head down on Richie's hospital bed, his hand still in the others, and fell to sleep.

Only to be greeted by a great surprise when he awoke.

16. Chapter 014

Summary for the Chapter:

soft boi hours ya'll

Notes for the Chapter:

guess who finally decided to write, me!

I really don't have an excuse for this late of an update so I apologize for that immensely!

please enjoy the chapter!

Eddie's POV~

Eddie was running. He was running fast, faster then his lungs could take him. Turning in every which way down deep, dark, cold hallways of what he thinks is the school. His sneakers tapping against the tile with each hurried step he took. He ran past bodies, bodies of his own friends, the friends he wasn't there to protect when they needed him there. He looked back behind him, down that dark hallway he was in, slowing a bit at the sudden turn. There he stood at the end of the hall. Henry Bowers.

Why was he here now? Why was he chasing Eddie? Why wasn't anyone else here? Why is it so damn cold?

So many questions rushing in and out of Eddie's head, none being answered.

He started walking closer to Eddie, taking long, slow strides towards him. Eddie tried to turn back around and run away again, but he ran face-first into a wall. So he had nothing else to do but turn back and watch in horror as Henry came closer and closer to him. Eddie's back was flush against the brick wall behind him. He slid down it, sitting on the cold floor. Eyes wide with tears streaming down his face. His vision was blurred from his tears. Henry was only a few feet away now.

Coming closer...

closer...

c l o s e r...

Eddie couldn't help but notice as Henry came closer, he became more and more deformed into what seemed like a whole other creature itself. He watched in terror, as this monster came closer, closer. That's what Henry was, a monster. Only steps away now, Eddie knew what was going to happen next. He was going to die.

Henry leaned down to look Eddie right in the eyes. Only, it wasn't Henry, but a deranged clown, with a face similar to Henry's. He had pools of blood spilling down from his face onto his foul clown outfit. He had huge claws that replaced his hands. Eddie did the only thing he could think of, scream. He screamed for what felt like years as the fucking monster stretched out his claws to Eddie's face. Henry was only inches away, and then...

"EDDIE!"

Eddie jumped from his dream in a cold sweat. His throat hurt as he had just screamed out his lungs, and he basically had. Eddie looked around in hurried confusion. Richie was awake beside him, with a very serious, very concerned look on his face.

Eddie couldn't think straight, all he could think at that moment was that Richie was finally awake. He burst out of his seat to engulf Richie into a hug. He had tears streaming down his face. Richie hugged back, of course, but it took him a second to get used to the new weight on him. Richie rubbed circles in Eddie's back, pulling him a little closer. Eddie sat on Richie's bed next to him. They hugged for a while. Eddie was so overcome with a sense of relief that Richie was actually awake that he never wanted to let go. He wanted to say something, but every time he tried to speak nothing came out. So he sat there, holding Richie. Just holding him. And he never wanted to let go ever again.

"Y-you're.. awake," Eddie finally managed to spit out. Richie nodded into Eddie's shoulder, pulling out of the hug. Eddie looked down at the bed to hide his tears, trying to wipe them away. Richie lifted Eddie's head up by his chin, pulling Eddie closer on the bed to him and wiped away Eddie's tears himself.

"Don't hide from me like that," he said. Eddie nodded his head. Richie smiled his big, goofy smile, making his nose wrinkle up some. Eddie giggled, wiping away the last of the stray tears on his face. He hugged Richie again, this time more friendly and happy.

"Are you feeling better? Sore at all? I mean, of course, you are but I just- oh my god, did I hurt you more by hugging you? I'm sorry! I- I just-"

"I'm fine, Eddie! Don't have a heart attack on me, I wouldn't be able to get you up." Richie said, covering Eddie's mouth. This made Eddie realize just how awkward their position was. Eddie was sitting on one of Richie's legs, each of his was behind him in a V shape almost. Richie's other leg was a little pulled up and resting on Eddie's side, Eddie's arm on his knee. Eddie felt his face heat up, he was so close to Richie right now. His eyes grew wide as thoughts came and went so fast he couldn't completely comprehend what exactly he was thinking.

Eddie didn't understand, was he really falling for Richie? He hadn't even known him that long!

"Eds?" Richie said, removing his hand from Eddie's face and waving in front of his face.

Eddie looked back at Richie, he hadn't even noticed he had drifted maybe a little too far into his thoughts and was staring at the floor. He couldn't think about this now, he couldn't think about this ever! Eddie cleared his throat and said,

"Yeah, uh, sorry- just got lost."

"Oh, what got Eds in such a fluster?" Richie joked. Eddie thought about saying it all but decided it was too soon. So instead he lied.

"Food, I haven't eaten since last night really." Eddie laughed a little, putting his hand on the back of his neck.

"Yeah, I could eat too."

"You want me to uh- go get us something?"

"Sure!" Richie said, smiling his dumb goofy smile. God, that damn smile. Evil. Eddie smiled back then maneuvered out of his spot on top of Richie and walked out of the room.

17. Chapter 015

Summary for the Chapter:

A little late, but I'm in the middle of moving again.

Please understand my delay.

I love all of you guys so much! You all keep finding your way here and I really never thought that would ever thought that would happen with this story, but I am so appreciative for all of you!

Thank you all, and enjoy this chapter!

P.S. I'm going to be posting a small one-shot later tonight if anyone is interested in looking at it? Just a thought :)

Eddie was walking to school today. His mother had been in a rush to leave the last night to her ill mother's house, leaving Eddie with another note of food in the fridge, and to bike to school, (and not under any circumstances to call Bill or Richie's parents for a ride, cause that was illegal).

His bike had a flat.

So, now, with rain pouring down onto him and a fear of earning himself a cold, he couldn't keep himself from thinking of Richie. He had been released from the hospital a week prior from today but has yet to return to school. Eddie worried that he was still too weak, or that he wouldn't get better and that his arm would become paralyzed or infected and fall off on day, then he wouldn't get to return to school with Eddie and he could *die*.

"Eddie, you need to stop. He's fine! You saw him not long ago." Eddie muttered to himself. It was true, that he had only seen him but a few days ago. He couldn't stand not knowing for sure that he was really okay. *But why? Does it even matter? To my mother. Why tho?* All questions Eddie thought about a lot but couldn't answer. Eddie really

wanted his questions to be answered.

"Maybe I can talk with Stan later." Eddie finally concluded with himself. "Stan knows everything. He'll understand what I mean... Right?"

School had become so... cold. Nothing was the same. It was strange seeing every student uneasy all the time, it was different, and Eddie didn't like different. Everyone had become so tense. But who could blame them?

Eddie especially hated going to his locker, seeing everything play out again and again just to get a history book. He had started carrying all his books in his backpack. Of course, his mother didn't approve because he may hurt his back, but it was better than seeing that play out one more time.

But sometimes, Eddie thinks about that day. Eddie had never been the type to believe in the supernatural, but after the dream he had at the hospital it makes him wonder if Henry had done what he did knowingly.

It was a stupid conspiracy, Henry Bowers was a psycho! And his fucked up gang was with him, too! What kind of fucked monster could control all of them? Maybe Eddie was the psycho one.

Eddie finally reached to school, heading straight to the bathroom to try and clean himself up. He swung the door open to find Will Byers... with Mike Wheeler?

18. Chapter 016

Summary for the Chapter:

Will's POV!

Will got to school early this Monday.

His mother had been called into work early to do overtime, like she had been doing the past week or so, so Joyce had to drop Will off a bit early.

As his mother pulled up to the school, Will saw Mike run into the building, soaking wet and headed away quickly. As Will entered the school himself, he followed Mike's watery footprints to wherever it was he ran off to. It led to the bathroom. Will pulled the door open to find Mike trying and failing to dry his clothing with paper towels and the hand-dyer mounted to the sharpie graffiti-ed walls.

He turned his head sharply in a panic to see who had come in to see him in such a disheveled manner. Mike visibly relaxed as he saw Will enter. "Morning," Will said with a laugh. "Good start to the day?" Mike groaned.

God do that again. Will scolded himself for his thoughts, but could you blame him? No, you can't, so don't be a judge-er Karen.

"Ted got into a fight with me about not eating his *disgusting* pancakes for breakfast and basically pushed me out the door. The rain was refreshing for the first three minutes of the walk."

"Hopefully you don't catch a cold! I'm still supposed to come to stay the night Friday, right?"

"You, totally! I don't get sick easily, you know that" Mike smiled at him.

"Great," Will smiled back.

Mike looked down to the floor, where he had left a growing puddle around him. He cringed, glancing back up to Will.

"Need some help there?"

"Please."

Will moped the floor as Mike dried his hair the best he could and continued to scrub at his clothing. Will stood, walking over to Mike.

"You know, there is a better way of doing this."

Mike laughed a little. "Oh yeah? and what would that be, because I'm willing to try anything at this point."

"You could just air dry? Some of the teachers will have their heaters on."

"Except Old Miss Louis! She's insane! She has her AC on no matter what temperature it is outside!"

Will laughed at Mike's outburst of goofy rage. "Like you're not use to it? Your mother keeps your house so dang cold, sometimes I don't want to even go near your house!"

"Like you can talk! Joyce isn't any better."

"True."

Mike looked down at the new puddle forming around him.

"So what am I really going to do here?"

Will just laughed. Mike was a mess! A hot mess, Will thought, but still a mess. Mike bent over laughing, too as Will calmed. Will watched Mike as he struggled to gain his breath back. Will couldn't help but stair at Mike's lips. They looked so soft, and they were wet from the rain. Will so badly wanted to know what Mike's kiss felt like.

Will, so lost in his day dreams didn't notice Mike stop laughing, or the other boy's mouth on his. Will's eyes grew wide in shock. Mike's hands were on his hips, he was bent over a bit and his eyes were

squeezed shut. Will didn't know how to function in that moment.
What the hell? How.. What?

Mike moved back, keeping his eyes closed for a few moments. When he finally did open them, he immediately stepped back and towards the door.

"I-I'm.. I'm sorry, I don't- I-" Will grabbed his wrist as he went to open the door, pulling him back into a new kiss, this time pinning him to the bathroom wall. Will had been dreaming of this for as long as he remembers, he wasn't gonna throw away his shot now. They stood there, making out in a way that Will had only thought of alone... in his bed.

Mike had Will's waste again, this time he held it more aggressively to him. Will had his arms pinned over his head. Will wasn't wasting any time at all, he wasn't going to wait now, this was already happening, and he could feel Mike's smile in their kiss.

That was... until the door opened.

Author's Note:

Anyone else excited?